

Ralph H. Jones.

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA



SONG BOOK

First Edition 1942-43

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Produced by the
Athletic Board of Control



164 Sherburn St.

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Phone 33621.



D. W. HUNT

Introduction

When a person who possesses as little knowledge as I do, proposes to tell you anything about singing he can only give his ideas on the subject.

The physics texts define music as a series of sounds of regular frequency which are pleasing to the ear. Singing is merely music produced by the vocal apparatus. But it is far more important than this simple statement would suggest, for singing is the best way in which an can achieve a sense of harmony with his fellow man.

In the earliest days he beat upon his body or upon the ground with his hands due to an instinctive impulse supposed to arise from the rhythm of the maternal heart beat. However his may be, he soon found that if others beat upon their bodies at the same time with the same rhythm, an intensification of the rhythmic feeling occurred, with a heightened sense of pleasure.

He had already learned to express his emotions by talking, or crying out or shouting. He had also found that he could make sounds with his voice, that aside from having any practical value, pleased others who heard them. There was no set musical scale, so one, the leader, would set the note and the rest would join in, following the tunes sung by the leader. Singing was associated with all sorts of ceremonies—mating, religious feasts, funerals, births—all the occurrences which were important to the primitive man.

It was then but a step to combine the rhythm and the melody, producing music somewhat more sensible to our modern ears. The adoption recently (in the light of time) of a set scale of notes made it possible for all people to learn the same tune and rhythm.

The leader now has a somewhat easier job. The singers can learn the songs and to sing them need but to have their inhibitions removed. The accentuation of the rhythm and reinforcement of the tune can now be effected by using musical instruments in addition to the human voice.

But it must be realized that these are but substitutes, and that while everyone does not possess a piano, a fiddle, or a harp, all normal persons possess a voice of some nature. And, though man may have advanced in many ways, music is still his earliest and best way of achieving harmony. In order that perfect harmony can be achieved, obviously singers must know what words to sing, and must all use the same words to the same tune. It is then with this purpose that the present book is printed.

For years students of Manitoba have been singing together, at sing-songs, stags, parties and at home. But one thing has been notorious for its absence, and that has been a standard and permanent song-book. This difficulty has been partly circumvented by printing song sheets from time to time, but at last the A.B.C. has decided that something should be done and that **now** is the time to do it.

You will notice that the book is small, being made so purposely that it can readily be slipped into your pocket (or purse). The songs have been picked as ones which have what it takes to become eternal, and which are especially suited for college singing. This fact alone has greatly restricted the number of songs, although the editor feels that half a hundred is a fairly good start. And, mind you, it is only a start. For this book is only the **first** edition, and if all goes well, a second edition will appear in 1944, much enlarged and revised. It is hoped that the song book will become an integral and essential part of college life.

The lack of music may seem an oversight to some of you, but there are reasons for its omission, too. In the first place, a book large enough to contain music would scarcely be a pocket

edition; and secondly, it must be remembered that for each song that appears herein, permission had to be obtained; and while permission to use lyrics is merely difficult to obtain, permission to use music is often unobtainable.

With this wish I leave you; that you, today's students, will find time to sing and enjoy life to the full; that this small book may assist you in attaining the enjoyment of singing together; and that because **you** used this book and it became a part of your life, future generations of 'Toba students may also have the benefit of the descendant of this first edition. For, as I have attempted to point out music and singing are innate in man, and one of our greatest joys is the sense of harmony and happy living that goes hand in hand with singing together.

I wish to express now my deep gratitude to my friends on the song book committee, who have spent so much time and energy in setting up this book. I wish also to thank Miss Janet Gray whose expert work greatly facilitated and lightened the job.

D. W. HUNT,
Editor.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The A.B.C. Song Book Committee wish to extend their thanks to the following:

The universities, colleges and faculties, and the Canadian Music Sales Corp., Ltd., for their fine co-operation and interest in this project; Mr. Wray Youmans for his support of the project; Mr. Aleck Thorarinson for his interest and valued assistance; Miss Janet Gray, whose excellent stenographic work has been essential to the preparing of this book; Mr. Graham Mills for his help with the artistic points; Mr. Leonard Gelfand and the Davidson Studios, for their photography; Kelvin Stanly; Miss Louise Issacs, Miss Doreen Willerton, Simma Milnier; and finally the Winnipeg Saturday Post for their excellent work and technical guidance.

From The A.B.C.

The Athletic Board of Control presents this song book in the hope that it will help to increase the spirit and unity within the University, and also aid in the student introduction to the type of songs and yells of other universities. It has long been the wish of many of the board members to publish a song book of this type, one for general distribution which could be utilized in campus sing-songs or rallies, in order to make us all more "University conscious."



ALECK THORARINSON

Therefore this edition was prepared.

It is only to be expected that at first the students will have a hard time acquainting themselves with these songs, thus making the book difficult to appreciate immediately. However, we feel confident that if the student does his part, this edition will only be the first of an annual series, recognized as essential in the daily enjoyment of varsity life. So let's learn these songs and use them—whether at sing-songs on the campus, at social events or on the rugby field.

In summing up, the Athletic Board believes that this book can become one of high value to the student, as it is something he can keep as a souvenir of his days at varsity, which, we hope, were filled with enthusiasm and enjoyment. The Board would therefore like to express its appreciation to the editor, Mr. Doug. Hunt and his staff, for the willingness with which they contributed their time in order to effect its publication. However, their efforts will only be repaid by your appreciation of the book. So if you like it, don't keep it a secret. Let them know. It's up to you whether this song book becomes a current publication.

ALECK THORARINSON, President.

Songs and Choruses



1. THE BROWN AND GOLD

We are proud to boast of Manitoba "U"
To her teaching we shall never be untrue.
Stand up then and cheer her!
We hold nothing dearer.
To the world proclaim our faith in her we now renew!
Years ago she struggled thru' adversity,
Now she lives in peace and liberty.
We are proud to honor and defend her all the while,
So on to victory . . .

CHORUS

On, Manitoba, Glory now unfold,
On, Manitoba, Shine forth, Brown and Gold,
Forward toward success, wisdom, happiness,
We line up behind her, 'tis a picture to behold.
Cheer for Manitoba "U."

CODA

I-ji, it-ti-ki, ki, yi yip; rip, rip, rip;
Ka-na-ki wa-wa ka-na-ki taw
Rah, rah, rah,
"M-A-N-I-T-O-B-A."

—By permission of the University of Manitoba Students Union

2.

TAKE ME BACK TO TECH

(Massachusetts Institute of Technology)

(Tune: "Solomon Levi")

I wish that I were back again
At the Tech on Boylston Street
Dressed in my dinky uniform,
So dapper and so neat
I'm crazy after Calculus;
I never had enough,
It was hard to be dragged away so young
It was horribly, awfully tough—

CHORUS

'Rah for TECHNOLOGY|
'OLOGY, 'Ology, oh—
Glorious old TECHNOLOGY
'Ology, 'Ology, 'Ology, 'Ology.

Take me back on a special train
To the glorious Institute—
I yearn for the inspiration of
A technological toot!—
I'd shun the physical, quizzical Prof.,
And The chapel and all that;
But how I would love to go again
On a Scientific Bat.

Oh, back to the days that were free from care
In the 'Ology, Varsity shop,
With nothing to do but analyze air
In an anemometrical top;
Or the differentiation
Of the trigonometric powers
Of the constant pi that made me sigh
In those happy days of ours.

YELL

M-A-S-S-A-C-H-U-S-E-T-T-S
I-N-S-T-I-T-U-T-E O-F T-E-C-H-N-O-L-O-G—
and Y comes after G.
Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

—By permission of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology,
Walker Memorial Committee

3. CORNELL ALMA MATER SONG

(Tune: Annie Lisle)

Far above Cayuga's waters,
With its waves of blue,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Glorious to view.

CHORUS

Lift the chorus, speed it onward,
Loud her praises tell;
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
Hail, all hail, Cornell.

Far above the busy humming
Of the bustling town,
Reared against the arch of Heaven
Looks she proudly down.

—By permission of Cornell University Student Council

4. QUEEN'S COLLEGE COLOURS

(Tune: John Brown's Body)

Queen's College Colours we are wearing once again,
Soiled as they are by the battle and the rain,
Yet another victory to wipe away the stain,
So, boys, go in and win.

CHORUS

Oil-thigh na Ban-rig-hinn a' Ban-rig-hinn gu brath!
Oil-thigh na Ban-rig-hinn a' Ban-rig-hinn gu brath!
Oil-thigh na Ban-rig-hinn a' Ban-rig-hinn gu brath!
Cha-gheil! Cha-gheil! Cha-gheil!

—By permission of Queen's University Alma Mater Society

QUEEN'S

Queen's! Queen's! Queen's!
Oil thigh na Banrighim gu-broth,
Cha gheil! Cha gheil! Cha gheil!
Oil thigh na Banrighim gu-broth,
Cha gheil! Cha gheil! Cha gheil!

5.

STAND UP AND CHEER

University of Kansas

(Tune: Page 96 "Songs of the Campus")

Stand up and cheer,
Cheer loud and long for dear old Kansas;
For today we raise
The red and blue above all others.
Our sturdy band now is fighting,
And we are sure to win the fray.
We've got the vim, we're sure to win;
For this is dear old Kansas' day.

—By permission of University of Kansas

6.

HAIL, U.B.C.

We wear the blue and the gold of the victors,
We are the men of the U. B. C.
All other teams acknowledge us masters,
We are strong in adversity.
Work for the day and work for the morrow,
We are the one who will do our share.
Shouting in joy and silent in sorrow,
Bravery conquers care!

CHORUS

Hail! U. B. C.
Our glorious University,
You stand for aye
Between the mountains and the sea;
All through life's way,
Let's sing Kla-how-yah Varsity
Tuum Est wins the day
And we'll push on to victory!

—By permission of the University of British Columbia Alma Mater Society

7.

THE BLUE AND WHITE

(University of Toronto)

Old Toronto, mother ever dear,
All thy sons thy very name revere,
Yes, we hail thee, Ne'er will fail thee,
But will seek thy glory with our might
(yes we are)
Every loyal, faithful, frank and strong,
We will sound thy praises in our song,
Aye, and cheer both loud and long,
The Royal Blue and White.

CHORUS

Toronto is our University,
Shout, oh shout, men of ev'ry faculty
Ve-lut ar-bor ae-vo,
May she ever thrive
O God forever bless our Alma Mater

Soon our college days will all be past,
Duty bids us part from friends at last
But we'll sever, Trusting ever
Love for 'Varsity may us unite
(us unite)
Then we'll serve the mother of us all,
And the merry days of youth recall,
While, whatever may befall,
We'll flaunt the Blue and White.

—By permission of the University of Toronto, Students Administrative Council

TORONTO

Toronto! Toronto! Toronto Varsitee!
We'll shout and fight for the Blue and White
and the honor of U. of T.
Ripparty! Rapperty!
Ripparty! Rapperty! Ree!
Toronto! Toronto! Toronto Varsitee!

8. MY GIRL'S A HULLABALOO

My girl's a hullabaloo,
She wears the Gold and Blue:
She goes to Varsity too
Just like the others do.

CHORUS

And in my future life
She's going to be my wife.
How in the world d'ja find that out?
She told me so.

She goes to all the games
Just like the other dames,
I fork out all the change
Just like the others do, etc.

When we go walking
She does the talking,
I do the squeezing,
She does the teasing, etc.

As we grow older
She will grow bolder,
And she will hold her
Head on my shoulder, etc.

—By permission of the University of British Columbia Alma Mater Society

UNIVERSITY OF B.C.

Kitsilano! Capsilano! Siwash! Squaw!
Klahowya tillicum, skookum wa!
Hi-yu mamook! mucka mucka zip!
B.C. Varsity! Rip! Rip! Rip!
V-A-R-S-I-T-Y! Varsity!

9. NOTRE DAME VICTORY MARCH

Rally sons of Notre Dame;
Sing her glory and sound her fame,
Raise her Gold and Blue
And cheer with voices true;
Rah, rah, for Notre Dame (U Rah, rah)
We will fight in ev-ry game,
Strong of heart and true to her name
We will ne'er forget her
And we'll cheer her ever
Loyal to Notre Dame

CHORUS

Cheer, cheer for old Notre Dame,
Wake up the echoes cheering her name,
Send a volley cheer on high,
Shake down the thunder from the sky,
What though the odds be great or small?
Old Notre Dame will win over all,
While her loyal sons are marching
Onward to victory.

—By permission of Notre Dame University Athletic Association

10. GREEN AND WHITE

(University of Saskatchewan)

(Tune: Merry Widow Waltz)

We'll cheet for old Saskatchewan,
The dear old Green and White.
We'll root for good old Varsity,
Until our hair turns white;
And when we're up in heaven
We'll send you down our yell.
But if we're not so fortunate
We'll send you one from
S-s-s-s-'katchewan!

—By permission of the University of Saskatchewan Students' Union

11.

BRIGHT COLLEGE YEARS

(Yale University)

(Tune: Die Wacht am Rhein)

Bright college years, with pleasure, rife,
 the shortest, gladdest years of life;
 How swiftly are ye gliding by!
 Oh, why doth time so quickly fly?
 The seasons come, the seasons go,
 the earth is green or white with snow,
 But time and change shall naught avail,
 to break the friendships formed at Yale.

In after years, should troubles rise,
 to cloud the blue of sunny skies,
 How bright will seem, thro' mem'ry's haze,
 the happy, golden bygone days!
 Oh, let us strive that ever we may
 let these words our watchery be,
 Where'er upon life's sea we sail:
 "Fer Gcd, fer Country, and fer Yale."

—By permission of Yale University Glee Club

12.

COCAINE BILL

Cocaine Bill and Morphine Sue
 Went strolling down the avenue;
 They strolled from Broadway down to Main,
 In hopes of finding a little cocaine.
 They came to a drug store painted green,
 And on a sign it said "No morphine."
 Up in a graveyard on a hill
 Lies the body of Cocaine Bill;
 There in the graveyard by his side
 Lies the body of his cocaine bride.

CHORUS

O honey, have a (sniff), have a (sniff) on me,
 O honey, have a (sniff) on me.

13. ALBERTA UNIVERSITY SONG

Ring out a cheer for our Alberta
A song of praise to Varsity.
For the splendour of our mountains
Our prairies green and gold.
Ranked beneath whose glowing colours,
Thy legions march enrolled.
Our memories will live for ever
Beloved University.
We will fight for thee and cheer
And ever hold thine honour dear
Our Alma Mater U. of A.

CHORUS

Green and Gold! Quaecumque Vera!
Guide us through each coming era,
Guide us on through battle gory
For the right and greater glory.

—By permission of the University of Alberta Student's Union

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Varsity! Varsity! Rah Rah! Rah!
Varsity! Varsity! Alberta!
Hi-yi! Ki-yi! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rip it out! Tear it out! Alberta!
Varsity! Varsity! Hip-hurray!
A-L-B-E-R-T-A!

14. MINNESOTA ROUSER

Minnesota, hats off to thee,
To your colors true we shall ever be,
Firm and strong, united are we,
Rah, rah, rah, for Ski-U-Mah,
Rah, rah, rah, rah,
Rah for the U. of M.

—By permission of the University of Minnesota

15. PRECISION—R.M.C. MARCH

(Royal Military College of Canada)

Heads up and swing along;
Hearts light and a ringing song;
Life's but a march and its easy
 if your spirit's willing
 Laugh at the ruts and the dust from
 comrade's milling.
Step up and march away;
Keep on smiling all the day;
Shoulder your rifle and hitch
 your pack up tight,
Take the right of the line and fight.

CHORUS

We are the gentlemen cadets of R.M.C.,
We have sworn to love and serve His Majesty,
And we'll defend this land of liberty,
And strive to keep our Empire's unity,
To Canada, our home, we proudly state,
 we'll keep her honour clean and bright,
For Canada and for our Empire great,
 we'll march, we'll shout, we'll fight.

—By permission Royal Military College of Canada

16. SANTA LUCIA

O'er sea the silver star
 bright light is throwing,
Hushed now the billows are
 gentle winds blowing;
Come to my bark with me,
Come sail across the sea,
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.

See how the balmy breeze
 our sail expanding,
Naught could our hearts more please
 on this deck standing,
Come trav'lers, one and all,
Come quickly to my call,
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.

—Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"

17.

THE FIGHT SONG

(University of Saskatchewan)

Fight, fight, fight, for the dear
 old green and white,
 Saskatchewan our University.
 Shout, shout, shout and let your
 voice ring out
 Saskatchewan our University
 We'll rise to a man, be it win or
 lose or draw,
 And cheer our Alma Mater with
 a Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Deo Patriae our Mother strong
 and free
 Saskatchewan our University.

—By permission of the University of Saskatchewan Students' Union

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

S-S-S-katchewan! S'katchewan!
 S'katchewan Varsity!
 Hi-ickety-ki-yi! Hi-ickety-ki!
 Deo et Patriae! Deo et Patriae!
 The Green, the White! Kim-y-anakee!
 S-S-S-Skatchewan!

18.

AULD LANG SYNE

1. Sould auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind;
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And the days o' auld lang syne.

CHORUS

For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

2. And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
 And gie's a hand o'thine;
 And we'll tak' a richt guid willy-waught
 For the days o' auld lang syne.

19.

JAMES MCGILL

James McGill! James McGill!
 Peacefully he slumbers there,
 Blissful though we're on the tear
 James McGill! James McGill!
 He's our father, well yes rather,
 James McGill!

—By permission of the Students' Executive Council of McGill University

McGILL

What's the matter with old McGill?
 She's all right! Oh, yes, you bet!
 McGill! McGill! McGill!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!
 McGill!

20. HAND ME DOWN MY WALKING CANE

1. Solo: Hand me down, my walking cane,
 Hand me down, my walking cane,
 Everybody: Oh, hand me down my walking cane,
 I'm a goin' to leave on that midnight train
 'Cause all of my sins are taken away.
2. Solo: Hand me down, my bottle of corn,
 Hand me down, my bottle of corn,
 Everybody: Oh, hand me down my bottle of corn,
 I'm a goin' to leave drunk as sure as you're born,
 'Cause all of my sins are taken away.
3. Solo: Oh, I got drunk, and I land'd in jail,
 None there to pay my bail,
4. Solo: Oh, the judge he said, 'tis ninety days,
 Get me out of that G— D— place,
5. Solo: Oh, the beans were hard, and the meat was tough,
 My God, I couldn't eat that awful stuff,
6. Solo: Oh, Maw came down, and she went my bail,
 Got me out of that G— D— jail,
7. Solo: Oh, if I die, in Tennessee,
 You can ship my body back C.O.D.

—Courtesy Canadian Music Sales from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"

21. RAMBLING WRECK FROM GEORGIA TECH

Oh! if I had a daughter, sir,
I'd dress her in White and Gold—
And put her on the campus, sir,
To cheer the Brave and Bold,
But if I had a son, sir,
I tell you what he'd do,
He would yell "To hell with Georgia,"
Like his daddy used to do.

CHORUS

I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech
And a hell of an engineer—
A helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva,
Hell of an engineer—
Like all of the jolly good fellows,
I drink my whiskey clear;
I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech
And a hell of an engineer.

Oh! I wish I had a barrel of rum,
And sugar three thousand pounds—
A college bell to put in it,
And a clapper to stir it 'round.
I'd drink to all good fellows
Who come from far and near,
I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech,
And a hell of an engineer.

—By permission of the Georgia School of Technology

22. OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away
Dere's wha' my heart is turning ever,
Dere's wha' de ole folks stay,
All up and down de whole creation sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS

All de world is sad and dreary ev'ry where I roam,
Oh! darkies how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

—Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"

23. MY OLD FRATERNITY PIN

And then I gave my fraternity pin
To a co-ed in Illinois,
Who gave it to a freshman at N.Y.U.
Who gave it to a co-ed at Old Purdue
It got to Brown and kept going around
Until it came to Michigan
Then the one that I love best
Said "Wear this on your vest,"
It was my old fraternity pin.

And then I gave my fraternity pin
To a co-ed in Alpha Phi
She gave it to her sister
Who had a child.
The way that kid could holler nearly
drove me wild;
She looked at me and said "What can it be?"
"There must be something sticking in."
Something stuck in there's no doubt,
Cause when they pulled it out,
It was my old fraternity pin.

24. THE CHRISTMAS GRADUATE

A poor little Freshman lay dying,
And as on his death-bed he lay,
To the students around him all sighing,
These last dying words he did say:

CHORUS

Wrap me up in my old sheet of foolscap, foolscap,
And say a poor duffer lies low, lies low,
And six vengeful profs all shall carry me, carry me,
With jubilant faces aglow.

And then in the rush of next session,
While April Exams hover near
And the horrors of failing appal you
Warning take from this poor duffer here.

—*Courtesy McGill University; from McGill University Song Book*

25.

THE LONE FISH-BALL

(A Harvard Song in 1855)

There was a man went up and down
To seek a dinner thro' the town

(Each verse is repeated as a chorus)

He feels his cash to know his pence
And finds he has but just six cents

He finds at last a right cheap place
And enters in with modest face

The bill-of-fare he searches through
To see what his six cents will do

The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for two Fish-ball."

The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers, "One Fish-ball."

The waiter roars it through the hall
The guests they start at "One Fish-ball"

The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."

The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with one Fish-ball."

MORAL

Who would have bread with his Fish-ball
Must get it first or not at all

Who would Fish-balls with fixin's eat
Must get some friend to stand the treat.

—*Courtesy McGill University; from McGill University Song Book*

26.

OUR PATIENTS NEVER DIE

Our patients never die, never die, never die,
Our patients never die—
They only fade away.

—*Contributed; from "Medical Melodies" (C.C.C.)*

27.

THE STIFFS

(Tune: "Sweet and Low")

Steep and soak! Steep and soak!
 Stiffs in the college morgue;
 Steep! steep! your greasy meat,
 Freshies will come to you soon;
 Freshies will come to the stiff's in the vats,
 Oily blankets serving as mats
 Under a wooden tomb,
 Where the pickled ones,
 Where the juicy ones, steep!

Sink and float! Sink and float!
 Stiffs in the college morgue;
 Float! float! in your formalin,
 Freshies will hack at you soon;
 Freshies will hack at your chin and your nose,
 Tear out your stomach and cut off your toes
 In the dissecting room;
 Float, ye pickled ones!
 Float, ye juicy ones! Float!

—Contributed from "Medical Melodies" (J.A.P.)

28.

OH, HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,
 Oh, how I would like to remain in bed,
 For the hardest blow of all,
 Is to hear the bugler call,
 "You've got to get up, you've got to get up
 You've got to get up this morning.
 Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
 Some day they're going to find him dead.
 I'll amputate his reveille
 And step upon it heavily,
 And spend the rest of my life in bed.

—Courtesy McGill University; from *McGuill University Song Book*

29. CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time;
There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go.
There's where I labor'd so hard for old massa,

Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
No place on earth do I love more sincerely,
Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There let me live 'ill I wither and decay,
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wandered,
There's where this old darkey's life will pass away,
Massa and missis have long gone before me,
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore,
There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,
There's where we'll meet and we'll never part no more.

—*Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"*

30. BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me,
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee,
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,
Lull'd by the moonlight have all passed away.

Beautiful dreamer, Queen of my song,
List while I woo thee with soft medody
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,
Beautiful dreamer awake unto me,
Beautiful dreamer awake unto me.

Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea,
Mermaids are chanting the wild lorelei,
Over the streamlet, vapors are born,
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.
Beautiful dreamer, dream of my heart,
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea.
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart,
Beautiful dreamer awake unto me
Beautiful dreamer awake unto me.

—*Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"*

31.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

My grandfather's clock was too big for the shelf,
 So it stood ninety years on the floor;
 It was taller by half than the old man himself,
 Tho' it weighed not a pennyweight more.
 It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
 And was always his treasure and pride.
 But it stopped short never to go again,
 When the old man died.

Nine-ty years without slumbering
 (tick tock tick tock)
 His life seconds numbering
 (tick tock tick tock)
 It stopped short, never to go again,
 When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
 Many hours had he spent while a boy,
 And in childhood and manhood, the clock seemed to know,
 And to share both his grief and his joy.
 For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door,
 With a blooming and beautiful bride.
 But it stopped short, etc.

—*Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"*

32.

OH, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

1. In a cavern in a canyon,
 Excavating for a mine,
 Dwelt a miner, forty niner,
 And his daughter Clementine.

CHORUS

Oh, my darling, oh my darling,
 Oh, my darling, Clementine;
 You are lost and gone forever,
 Dreadful sorry Clementine.

2. Light she was and like a feather,
 And her shoes were number nine,
 Herring boxes, without topses
 Sandals were for Clementine.

—*Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"*



Pictured above at work are:

Bill Charlton

Doug. Hunt

Eloise Edmond

COMMITTEE

Editor.....	DOUG. HUNT
Secretary.....	ELOISE EDMOND
Business Manager.....	BILL CHARLTON
Circulation.....	HOWARD BOWLES
Stenography.....	JANET GRAY

History of The A.B.C.

Up to 1934 the University of Manitoba athletics were controlled by the Athletic Directorate composed of presidents of athletics from the various faculties and affiliated colleges. These presidents met and elected their own officers. A budget was submitted to the U.M.S.U. (University of Manitoba Students Union) and after being passed was administered by the Directorate, except for one thing, that after the bills had been passed they went back to the U.M.S.U. Treasurer for payment.



WRAY YOUMANS

This Directorate promoted both Varsity and Interfaculty activities. However, Interfaculty affairs were organized on rather a haphazard basis as the Directorate named some member to be responsible for each sport and this person called together the faculty reps for the sport concerned, which often resulted in some overlapping of dates, etc. and too often the success of a sport depended largely on the enthusiasm of the chairman.

For some time previous to 1934 there was general dissatisfaction with this set-up, especially the absolute dependence on U.M.S.U. opinions as to how much money would be granted. It was quite impossible to plan sufficiently far ahead to all-under-takings of Inter-University and City Leagues, and as a result, last minute arrangements that had to be made were not always as satisfactory as could be wished.

Thus, in February, 1934, the Athletic Commission came into being. It was composed of Varsity team managers, chairman of Interfaculty Committee and two faculty representatives. It was not planned that this commission maintain its present set-up longer than would be necessary to experiment and devise an organization that would be truly representative and responsible. Mr. Robert Smith was the first chairman and made a

valuable contribution during his term of office, as inside of the year a suggested organization was presented and the Athletic Board of Control was born at the spring elections of 1935.

Mr. Smith was re-elected for the year but found it necessary to resign on account of ill health on December 5, 1935. In his place Mr. Andrew Currie, who had been a valuable member of the commission, was elected to fill the vacancy. During the year the U.M.S.U. granted permission to the Athletic Board to conduct its own banking and at the 1936 election Mr. Currie was returned as president of the Board for 1936-37. In Mr. Currie's second term of office many misunderstandings with the U.M.S.U. occurred with regard to money matters. This evoked a decided feeling that the A.B.C. should withdraw from the U.M.S.U. and organize as a separate body.

At the next election in March, 1938, Mr. Ron. Turner, who had served on the U.M.S.U. in various capacities, was returned as A.B.C. President and during his year Mr. Turner carried out an aggressive campaign for an increase in student fees; the additional fee to be known as an Athletic Fee.

His campaign met with success and in the spring of 1939 the student body voted in favor of the \$2.00 athletic fee which the University Board of Governors agreed to collect.

This placed the Athletic Board for the first time in a position where it could control its own affairs, not only financially, but constitutionally, and the years following have been years of definite progress under the capable chairmanship of such men as Fred S. Burbridge, 1939-40, who brought the Women's Athletic Directorate into the Board and therefore gave them representation; Lorne Main, 1940-41; Colin Ferguson, 1941-42; Aleck Thorarinson, 1942-43.

One man who so far has received no mention is Mr. Wray Youmans, the Secretary of the Board, without whom the successful history of the A.B.C. could not be written, and who came into office October 10th, 1934. It is to this man that the University owes its continuingly progressive athletic policy and who in his capacity as advisor and secretary has worked with the students and helped them make important decisions which they themselves could not make as satisfactorily.

It is to Mr. Youmans that every student on the Athletic Board turns when in difficulty and we find him always willing to be of assistance. He has won a place of admiration and respect from the students and we all wish him continued success and good luck in the new idea he is about to venture upon—that of physical education as a prerequisite for university students after the war.

33.

SEEING NELLIE HOME

In the sky the bright stars glittered
On the bank the pale moon shone
And from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home,

I was seeing Nellie home.
I was seeing Nellie home;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

—*Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"*

34.

SWEET GENEVIEVE

O, Genevieve, I'd give the world,
To live again the lovely past,
The rose of youth was dew impearled;
But now it withers in the blast,
I see they face in ev'ry dream,
My waking thoughts are full of thee;
They glance is in the starry beam,
That falls along the summer sea!

CHORUS

Oh, Genevieve, Sweet Genevieve,
The days may come, the days may go,
But still the hand of mem'ry weave,
The blissful dreams of long ago.

Fair Genevieve, My early love
The years but make thee dearer far,
My heart shall never never rove,
Thou art my only guiding star,
For me thy past has no regret,
Whate'er the years may bring to thee,
I bless the hour when first we met,
The hour that gave me love and thee!
Oh, Genevieve, etc.

—*Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"*

35.

SCHOOL DAYS

Nothing to do, Nellie Darling,
 Nothing to do you say,
 Let's take a trip on memory's ship,
 Back to the bygone days,
 Sail to the old village school house,
 Anchor outside the school door,
 Look in and see, there's you and there's me,
 A couple of kids once more.

CHORUS

School days, school days,
 Dear old golden rule days,
 Readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic,
 Taught to the tune of a hick'ry stick,
 You were my queen in calico,
 I was your bashful barefoot beau,
 And you wrote on my slate,
 "I love, you Joe,"
 When we were a couple of kids.

—*Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"*

36.

LA MARSEILLAISE

Allons enfants de la patrie,
 Le jour de gloire est arrive!
 Contre nous de la tyrannie
 L'étendard sanglant est levé
 L'étendard sanglant est levé
 Entendez vous dans les campagnes
 Mugir ces féroces soldats?
 Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras
 Engorger vos fils, et vos compagnes:

Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!
 Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur
 A breuve nos sillons!

—*Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"*

37.

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay
Gone are my friends, from the cotton fields away,
Gone from the earth to a better land I know.
I hear their gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe."

CHORUS

I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low,
I hear those gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe."

—*Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"*

38.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll, on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
B'y'n bye hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more, by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come, when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

—*Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"*

39.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where never is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

CHORUS

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where never is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night, when the heavens are bright,
With the light from the glittering stars
Have I stood there amazed, and asked as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

—*Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"*

40.

A SHIP WITHOUT A SAIL

A man without a woman
Is like a ship without a sail,
Is like a boat without a rudder
Is like a kite without a tail.
Oh, a man without a woman
Is like a wreck upon the sand
But if there's one thing worse
In this Universe
It's a woman without a man.

41.

RUGBY SONG

Marching down the field boys, never give in,
Victory is ours boys, cheer, cheer once again;
On the field of battle, strive as they may;
Victory is our's boys, 'Tis Toba's day.

42.

JUANITA

Soft o'er the fountain, ling'ring falls the southern moon;
Far o'er the mountain, breaks the day too soon,
In thy dark eyes splendor
Where the warm light loves to dwell
Weary looks, yet tender,
Speak their fond farewell.

Nita Juanita

Ask they soul if we should part

Nita Juanita

Lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming, moons like those shall shine again,
And daylight beaming, prove thy dreams are vain;

Wilt thou not, relenting

For thine absent lover sigh!

In they heart consenting to a pray'r gone by.

Nita Juanita

Let me linger by thy side

Nita Juanita

By my own fair bride.

—*Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"*

43.

THE MINSTREL BOY

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he hath girded on
And his wild harp slung behind him
"Land of Song" said the warrior bard
"Tho all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least they rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell but the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er hath spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder,
And said "No chain shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery
Thy songs were made for the poor and free,
They shall never sound in slav'ry."

—*Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"*

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Frankie and Johnny were lovers,
Oh, Lordy how they could love,
They swore to be true to each other,
True as the stars above,
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Johnny said I've got to leave you,
But I won't be very long
Don't you wait up for me honey,
Nor worry while I'm gone
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner,
Stopped in to buy her some beer
Says to the fat bar-tender
Has my Johnny man been here
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Well I ain't going to tell you no story,
Ain't going to tell you no lie.
Johnny went by, 'bout an hour ago,
With a girl named Nellie Blye
He was your man, but he's doin' you wrong.

Frankie went home in a hurry,
She didn't go there for fun,
She hurried home to get a hold,
Of Johnny's shootin' gun
He was her man,
But he's doin' her wrong.

Johnny saw Frankie a comin',
Out the back door he did scoot,
But Frankie took aim with her pistol,
And the gun went root a toot-toot
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Oh roll me over so easy,
Roll me over so slow,
Roll me over easy boys,
'Cause my wounds they hurt me so
I was her man, but I done her wrong.

The sheriff arrested poor Frankie,
Took her to jail that same day
He locked her up in a dungeon cell,
And threw the key away,
She shot her man, though he done her wrong.

—Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"

45. PUT ON YOUR BROWN AND GOLD SWEATER

(Engineer's Version)

On the front steps together sat two graduates
They were thinking of exams just over
Said he "chummy, don't get glummy you were always bright
and sunny
And don't be such a bore."
Said he, "I'm full of sadness, on account of all this madness.
It is four years today since I came here."
Then his dim eye brightened
And his stern old heart is lightened
And he spoke up sharp and clear.

CHORUS

Put on your Brown and Gold sweater, etc. (Same as No. 46.)

'Twas the way they celebrated, on the day they graduated,
In the good old days of long ago,
When they went to Convocation in a state of liquidation,
With their eyes and hearts aglow.
And the Engineers were singing till the rafters all were ringing,
When they banqueted the boys of the fourth years.
That night at the Fort Garry when the boys were making merry
Someone shouted Engineers.

46. PUT ON YOUR BROWN AND GOLD SWEATER

(Tune: Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet)

Put on your Brown and Gold sweater
For there isn't any better,
And we'll open up another keg of beer,
For its not for knowledge that we came to college,
But to raise hell while we're here.

47.

ALL HAIL THE ENGINEERS

(Tune: Kafoozalem)

Away back when the world began
They say there only was one man,
For Art he didn't give a damn
For Adam was an Engineer.

CHORUS

All hail the Engineers
Demolishers of forty beers,
All hail the Engineers,
For Adam he was one of us!

Of ancient days, one often hears
That Pharoah, lord of Egypt's peers,
One called upon his Engineers
To build a dozen pyramids.

"The builders of the pyramids."

Galileo was just a wop
Who said the earth spun like a top,
They laughed at him and called a cop
But still the earth keeps going round.
"Who made the world go round for us."

To Will and Orville Wright the sky
Was just the place to learn to fly.
An Engineer's a clever guy,
So they invented aeroplanes.

"Inventors of the aeroplane."

An Engineer takes out the bumps,
By piling dirt in little lumps
He takes the jazz out of your rumps,
The builders of the highways.

"The builders of the highways."

And now just raise your hats, old dears,
And give three hearty roaring cheers
For good old 'Toba's Engineers,
The pride of all the Varsity.

All hail the Engineers,
Demolishers of forty beers,
All hail the Engineers,
The pride of 'Toba's Varsity.

48.

FRATERNITY PIN

(Canadian Version)

I gave my fraternity pin
To a co-ed at Dalhousie
She gave it to a freshman from Edmonton
Who gave it to his girl friend at U.B.C.
It got to Queens' and kept going round
Till it ended at U.M.E.
Where the girl that I love best
Said, "Wear this on your chest,"
It was my old fraternity pin.

Then I gave my fraternity pin
To a co-ed at old McGill,
She had a married sister who had a child.
The way the kid would holler nearly drove me wild.
I looked at her and said, "Oh, what can it be,
There must be something sticking him.
Somethin's stuck in him no doubt"
And when we pulled it out,
It was my old Fraternity pin.

49.

EFFICIENCY ENGINEER

(Tune: Solomon Levi)

Who is it takes the joy from life
And makes existence hell?
Who'll fire a good looking one
Because she cannot spell?
Who'll substitute a dictaphone
For a coral tinted ear?
The penny chasing, dollar wasting,
Efficiency Engineer.

Who is it puts the road in a mess
And makes the motoring queer?
Who is it takes our girls away
And drinks up all our beer?
Who is it builds a broad highway
And piles the level near?
The chicken chasing, money wasting,
Highway Engineer.

50.

CASEY JONES

Come, all you freshmen, if you want to hear,
 The story about a brave Engineer
 He started into college in the fall of thirty-three
 Why he took up Engineering is a mystery to me

CHORUS

Casey Jones couldn't hold his liquor
 Casey Jones couldn't hold his beer,
 Casey Jones never got through college
 Never got through college because he couldn't hold his beer.
 Casey Jones was the Engineers' pride
 In football or hockey he always saved his side,
 He was a whizz in classwork, his reports were always clear,
 But he never got his parchment, for he couldn't hold his beer.

The Grads class held their banquet
 In the Marlborough's basement hall
 They all got pickled tight that night and Casey worst of all.
 They wired to his folks next day
 The message read, "Come here,
 Your son cashed in his checks last night,
 He couldn't hold his beer."

Casey said just before he died
 To the Engineers who mournfully were standing by his side,
 "Erect a tablet in the halls, engrave these letters clear,
 Never come to college if you cannot hold your beer."

—Nos. 46-51 from *The University of Manitoba Engineering Song Sheet*

51.

OH! SUSANNA

1. I came from Alabama wid my banje on my knee,
 I'm g'win to Lousiana,
 My true love for to see.
2. It rained all night de day I left,
 De weather it was dry,
 De sun so hot I froze to death,
 Susanna don't you cry.

CHORUS

Oh, Susanna, Oh, don't you cry for me,
 I've come from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee.

—Courtesy Canadian Music Sales; from "Everybody's Favourite Songs"

52. WHEN WE GET OUR PIECE OF PARCHMENT

(Tune: Silver Threads Among The Gold)

When we get out piece of parchment,
Oh, how happy we will be,
When the darned exams, are over
No more writing supps for me,
No more copying on Sundays,
Notes I failed to take in class.
We will tell the old professors
They'll be kicked if we don't pass.
Only one more foolish roll call,
Only one more lecture too,
Only one more supplemental,
Then we'll leave the good old U.

53. HERE'S TO OUR COLLEGE

(Tune: Anchor's Aweigh)

Here's to our College, boys,
Drink to her now!
Mother of many joys,
To her our faith we vow-vow-vow-vow!
Under her triple tow'rs
Reared high with stone,
We hail this school of ours
And sing her praise with all the strength we own.

Pride of Manitoba,
Winnipeg is proud of you today;
Pride of Manitoba,
We are gonna stand by you alway.
Shout hurray, shout hurray,
For we'll stand by you alway. Hey!

United leads the field,
Boys tell them why:
We love her College halls
And praise her till we die-die-die-die!
Open your throat, brother!
Louder, I pray!
Sing till you raise the roof,
For we're United, we're United, Yea!

54.

OUR COLLEGE IS UNITED

(Tune: Solomon Levi)

Our College is United
Here on Portage Avenue;
That's where we chore for Phelps and Lower,
O. T. and Ritcey too.
Our lads are great in loud debate,
Our girls in sport and fun,
Then ho, for old United, boys,
We'll praise her every one.

CHORUS

Up then, United! Katana Kasula Kasaw!
Ho then, United! Katana Katarah Kataw!

55.

HAIL UNITED!

We're the lads from north of Portage,
Watch our dust!
Brains or muscle we've no shortage,
Win or bust.
Fairest gals in all creation,
Here have we.
Finest College in the nation,
Send us out to Victory.

CHORUS

Raise the roof for old United!
Tell the world that she's the best!
Nowhere else our faith is plighted
In the land of East or West.
We could never love another,
Better College could not be,
Fill your lungs and roar, my brother,
Hail your academic Mother—
Here's to old U.C.!

CODA:

Katana, Katana, Katana, Kasula, Kasaw!
United! United! Katarah, Katarah, Kataw!
Wesley! 'Toba! White and Red!
Ever leading, never, never led!

(Repeat Chorus)

CLEMENTINE

(United College Version)

In a farmhouse, in a pasture,
Tending chickens, calves and swine,
Lived a lovely farmer's daughter,
Clever student, Clementine.

Go to college, go to college,
Go to college, Clementine!
It had best be old United
United College, Clementine.

Soon a co-ed, soon a senior,
Feeling classes are divine,
But at times a trifle careless,
Pretty careless, Clementine.

Dont' be careless, don't be careless,
Don't be careless, Clementine,
Or you'll vex the tall professor,
Tall professor, Clementine.

In that college, close to Portage,
Where the lectures start at nine,
A professor, all indignant,
Waited for sweet Clementine.

Call a taxi, call a taxi,
Call a taxi, Clementine!
Brush your hair and gulp your breakfast,
Call a taxi, Clementine!

All in vain he stood and waited,
Fumed in accents, fierce and fine,
For the lady skipped his lecture,
Unrepentant Clementine.

Skipped a lecture, skipped a lecture,
Skipped a lecture, Clementine!
Woe betide the fairest sinner,
Skipping lectures, Clementine!

Consultation in the office
With a countenance malign;
Soon the angry voice grew tender—
Fatal eyes has Clementine.

Think you're clever, think you're clever,
Think you're clever, Clementine!
Wed a Prof. and starve forever,
Starve forever, Clementine!

—Nos. 52-56 Contributed by United College

57. RIDING DOWN FROM BANGOR

Riding down from Bangor, on an eastern train,
After weeks of hunting in the woods of Maine,
Quite extensive whiskers, beard, mustache as well,
Sat a student follow, tall, and slim, and swell.

Empty seat behind him, no one at his side,
Into quiet village eastern train did glide;
Enter aged couple, take the hindmost seat;
Enter village maiden, beautiful, petite.

Blushingly she faltered, "Is this seat engaged?"
Sees the aged couple, properly enraged;
Student's quite ecstatic, sees her ticket thro',
Thinks of the long tunnel, thinks what he will do.

Pleasantly they chatted; how the cinders fly!
Till the student fellow gets one in his eye;
Maiden sympathetic, turns herself about,
"May I, if you please, sir, try to get it out?"

Then the student fellow feels a gentle touch,
Hears a gentle murmur, "Does it hurt you much?"
Whiz! Slap! Bang! Into tunnel quite,
Into glorious darkness, black as Egypt's night.

Out into the daylight glides that eastern train,
Student's hair is ruffled just the merest grain,
Maiden seen all blushes when then and there appeared
A tiny little earring in that horrid student's beard.

—Contributed; from "Medical Melodies"

58.

VICT'RY FOR WASHINGTON

(University of Washington)

Hail Husky, once again the band is playing, for husky conquest.

Hail Husky, as the cheering crowd is swaying
chanting again the fighting refrain for Vict'ry.

Fight! Fight!

Fight! for Washington! Rah!

Vict'ry for Washington for the purple and the gold,

Vict'ry for Washington hear the husky cry of old to win.

The husky pack is fighting on again,

hear the loyal rooters sing.

With Vict'ry for Washington alma mater shall ring.

—By permission of the Association Students of the University of Washington

MEDICINE

Well man! Sick man! Dead man! Stiff!

Cut 'em up! Slice 'em up!

What's the diff.?

Humors! Tumors!

Blood and gore!

Medicals! Medicals! Evermore!

M-E-D-I-C-A-L-S! Medicals!

BRANDON COLLEGE

Hippi-skippi! Boom-a-lacki!

Rippi-sippi-soo!

Knuckle to it! You can do it!

You! You! You!

City of the Wheat!

Never know defeat!

Go it, College! Brandon College!

Re! Rah! Reet!

VARSIY YELLS

IJI

Iji, ittiki, ki, yi, yip,
Manitoba, Manitoba, rip, rip, rip,
Kana keena wawa Kana keena taw
Go it 'Toba, Go it 'Toba, Rah! Rah! Rah!
M-A-N-I-T-O-B-A Manitoba!

LOCOMOTIVE

(Start slowly, gradually increasing in speed and volume.)

Sh-h-h-h Sh-h-h-h Sh-h-h-h Sh-h-h-h,
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Man-i-to-ba!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Man-i-to-ba!
Rah! ! ! !

HOME ECONOMICS

We've got the go, we've got the get,
We've got the girls, we've got the pep,
The go! the get! the girls! the pep!
Three cheers for the Home Ecc!

SCIENCE

Hot damn! Holy hell!
Have you heard the Science yell?
We want, God knows,
More beer! less clothes!
S-C-I-E-N-C-E Science!

ENGINEERS

We are, we are, we are the Engineers,
We can, we can, demolish forty beers,
Drink rum, drink rum,
Drink rum and come with us
We don't give a damn for any damn man
That don't give a damn for us.

UNITED COLLEGE

Katana, Katana, Kasula, Kasaw!
United! United! Katarah, Kataw!
Wesley! 'Toba! White and Red!
Ever leading, never led,
Rah! Rah! United!

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CLASS TIME TABLES

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Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.

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